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POEMS

ON

DOMESTIC CIRCUMSTANCES;

CONTAINING

“FARE THEE WELL,”

“A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE,”

AND

Eight other New Poems.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND A STATEMENT OF ALL THE FACTS THAT HAVE AS YET COME
BEFORE THE PUBLIC RELATIVE TO THOSE “DOMESTIC CIR-
CUMSTANCES” WHICH HAVE ULTIMATELY PRODUCED A
SEPARATION BETWEEN LORD AND LADY BYRON.

BY THE REV. J. NIGHTINGALE.

SECOND EDITION.

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MEMOIRS
OF
THE LIFE OF
The Right Honourable
LORD BYRON.

OF a person who has but just attained his 28th year but little can be rationally expected in the way of biographical interest or important anecdote. The character of Lord Byron, nevertheless, is one which naturally excites the warmest interests and raises the most urgent wishes for some certain information respecting his family, his habits, and those "Domestic Circumstances" which have unhappily, not to say improperly, become the subject of general conversation throughout the country. Such information on these points as the Editor of this edition of Lord Byron's last written poems has been able to collect, shall, therefore, be here given.

His Lordship's ancestors had large possessions in this country as early as the reign of William the Conqueror; for in Doomsday-book,* it is recorded, that "Gospatrick held of *Ernies de Buron*,

* Liber. vocat. Doomsday.

four bovates of land in Bengeley, in the county of York; and, in Borgescire, he held in Dunsthorpe, four bovates of land, &c." He had also considerable landed property in various other places in the same county: about thirty-four estates are enumerated there, besides about twenty-five in Lincolnshire.

Ralph de Buron, a relation, (of what affinity is not known) of the above, held divers manors in Nottinghamshire, and Devonshire. *Ralph* is the direct ancestor of the present Lord Byron.

In Horseley Park, Derbyshire, there are still visible, the remains of a castle, called Horeston Castle*, which was the chief mansion of his successors.

Lord Byron, in his beautiful lines on leaving Newstead Abbey, thus alludes to one of his ancestors:

"No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurel'd wreath;
Near Askelon's towers, *John of Horeston* slumbers,
Umnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel in death."†

Hugh de Buron succeeded the above named *Ralph*, as Lord of the castle of *Horaston*. In the 9th year of King Stephen, in conjunction with Hugh, his son and heir, he gave the church of Oscinton, to the monastrey of Lenton. There was a dispute about this, in the 7th of Richard I. with the friars of the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.‡

Hugh de Buron, Baron of Horeston, succeeded the above. In the reign of Henry II. he retired from the world, and professing himself a monk, held the hermitage of Kersale, belonging to the priory of Lenton. He left issue, *Sir Roger de Buron*, who married Nichola, daughter of Roeland de Verdon, who survived

* Thoroton's Nottingham. p. 260.

† The whole of this beautiful poem the reader will find in this edition.

‡ Placita apud Westm. A. 7 R. T. Rot.

him, and had for her second husband, Anketin de Brikesard. By her first husband, she had two sons, Robert and Peter: this Robert appears to have been the first to whom the present name of Byron was given: he is mentioned in a plea between himself and the prior of Lenton, concerning two carrucates of land in Cottegrave, which by a fine, levied at Westminster, in Michaelmas Term, in the 1st year of King John, was settled on the said Robert, and his heirs. He married Cecilia, daughter and heir of Richard Clayton, an ancestor of Sir Richard Clayton, the elegant author of the Lives of the Medici Family.

Robert de Byron had four sons by his wife Cecilia, (viz.) Robert, his son and heir; Richard, afterwards *Sir Richard Byron*, Henry, and Peter. The eldest was lord of the manor of Clayton, in Lancashire. He married a person of the name of Maud, who was living in the reign of Edward I. and had issue by him two sons, William and John. Both these persons were in the King's service. William served in Scotland, under the command of William de Ros, of Hamlake. His brother also signalized himself against the Scots in the same reign. He was governor of the city of York, as also, previously to that, he had been of Dover Castle.

He was succeeded by his son and heir, *Sir John de Byron*, Knight, lord of Clayton in the 29th of Edward I.

He married Alice, cousin and heir of Robert Baustre, of Hyndeley, near Wigan, in the county of Lancaster. This Alice, surviving her first husband, by whom she had issue, *Sir Richard de Byron*, afterwards married Sir John Strickland, knight, whom she also survived.

Sir Richard de Byron, was of Cadenay, and also Lord of Clayton, &c. and had a son, *Sir James Byron*. Sir Richard served in Parliament, for the county of Lincoln, in the year 1322. Sir James, his son, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Bernake, whom he left a widow, in the reign of Edward III. He had two sons, John and Richard. The eldest served in the

French wars, under Edward III.* and was knighted for his valour at the siege of Calais. He died without issue, and was succeeded in his estate by his brother, Sir Richard Byron, who married Joan, daughter of William de Colewick, of Colewick, in Nottinghamshire. By this match a considerable estate came into the family. Sir Richard died in 1398, leaving an only son, John le Byron, and Joan his widow, surviving; who, in the year 1397, vowed perpetual chastity before the Archbishop of York.†

John le Byron also received the honour of knighthood before the 3d year of Henry V. He married Margery, daughter of John Booth, of Barton, Esq. and had issue, three sons; Richard, Nicholas, and Ralph; also five daughters; Elizabeth, Margaret, Jane, Ellen, and Catherine. Richard, the eldest son, died in his father's life-time. The chief male heir, therefore, was Nicholas, who married Alice, daughter of Sir John Boteler, of Beauley, in Lancashire, and had issue two sons, John and Nicholas, also a daughter, Alice. His eldest son, John, took part with the Earl of Richmond and was knighted by him, soon after his landing at Milford-Haven. He was with him at the famous battle of Bosworth-Field. When the Duke ascended the throne by the name of Henry VII. he was much in that monarch's favour. He married Margery, daughter of Sir Robert Fowlehurst, of Fowlehurst, in Cheshire, and died without issue, leaving Nicholas, his brother and heir, thirty years old.

This *Sir Nicholas Byron* married Joan, daughter of Sir Ralph Bushier, of Houghton, near the populous village of Chowbent, in Lancashire.‡ He was one of the Knights of the Bath at the marriage of Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VIII. Nov. 17

* Catalogue of Knights, M S. per T. M. apud Col. Peer. Sir Egerton Brydges's Ed. VII. p. 94.

† M S. Famil. de Byron, p. 29.

‡ Vide Visitation of Lancashire. Anno Dom. 1567.

1501.* He died, January 13th, 1503-4, leaving John, his son and heir, sixteen years old; also five daughters.

Sir John Byron, his son, had a grant of the Priory of Newstead, in Nottinghamshire, on May 28th, 1540. This estate remained in the family till within this year or two, when it was disposed of by the subject of the present Memoir. It is said that his Lordship has since re-purchased this beautiful seat.

This Abbey was founded about the year 1170, by King Henry II. as a priory of Black Canons, and was estimated, when that prince of princely plunderers, Henry VIII. robbed the Church and the Poor, under the mask of reform, at 229l. at which time it was granted to Sir John, as above stated. Before it became the principal seat of this noble family, they resided at Clayton. When in its greatest splendour, it was a most beautiful and romantic place. At the time it was given to Sir John Byron, he was Steward of Manchester and Rochdale, and also Lieutenant of the Forest of Harwood†.

By his first wife, Isabel, Sir John had no issue; but by his second, Elizabeth, daughter of John Casterden, of Blakeley, in Lancashire, he had four sons, three of whom died without issue; but his fourth son, John, knighted A.D. 1579, had by Alice, daughter of Sir Nicholas Shelley, of Shelley, in Nottinghamshire, three sons: Nicholas, Anthony, and Sir John; ancestor to the *Lords Byron*; also five daughters; of whom one, (viz. Margery) was married to Sir Thomas Hutchinson, She was mother of the notorious Parliamentary Colonel John Hutchinson, Governor of Newcastle, during the rebellion against Charles I. by the Puritans. In the year 1806, the Memoirs of the Colonel, by his widow,

* Bibl. Cotton. MSS. Claudius, C. 3.7.

† Thororton's Nottinghamshire, p. 262.

were published in a quarto volume, in which many curious particulars of the Byron family may be found.

Sir Nicholas Byron, the eldest son of Sir John Byron, above-mentioned, greatly distinguished himself in the wars in the Low Countries; as also in defence of King Charles I. against the Parliamentarians, at the battle of Edge-Hill, October 23d, 1642, when he was Colonel-General of Cheshire and Shropshire, and Governor of Chester; being, as Lord Clarendon writes,* “a soldier of very good command, who being a person of great affability and dexterity, as well as martial knowledge, gave great life to the designs of the well-affected there, and, with the encouragement of some Gentlemen of North-Wales, in a short time raised such a power of horse and foot, as made frequent skirmishes with the enemy; sometimes with notable advantage; never with signal loss.”

He married Sophia, daughter of Charles Lambert, of Nimeguen, Governor of Breda, and had two sons, Charles and William, who both died issueless.

His brother, *Sir John Byron*, was created Knight of the Bath at the coronation of King James I. He married Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Richard Molineux, Bart. ancestor to the present Earl of Sefton; by her he had eleven sons and a daughter. His eldest son *John* was created the first LORD BYRON. The major part of their sons acquired celebrity on account of their courage and loyalty in defence of their monarch Charles I. One of them, William, the fourth son, was drowned at sea, coming from Ireland. The seventh, Sir Philip, was killed, at the head of his regiment, in that general storm, raised by the Parliament-army in York, in 1644.† He never went out with his regiment but he

* History of the Rebellion, 8vo. vol. III. p. 155.

† Lloyd's Mem. of Loyal Persons, p. 489.

would tell them, "that never brave men came to any thing, that resolved not either to conquer or perish."

The first Lord Byron, above-named, was returned to Parliament for the town of Nottingham,* in the 21st year of King James I. as also in the first parliament called by Charles I. at whose coronation he was made one of the Knights of the Bath. He was also made Lieutenant of the Tower of London, a circumstance which gave great offence and uneasiness to the Rebel Parliament, who used every artful, as well as open, means to have him removed: knowing, that so good a man, and so faithful a subject, placed in such an important trust, would not suit their own nefarious views and objects. He did himself signal honour, by his courage and constancy, and several times defeated the rebels in battle.

On account of his various services, he was advanced to the degree and dignity of a Baron of this realm, by the title of "*Lord Byron of Rochdale, in Com. Lancashire*, with limitations of that honour, in default of issue male of his own body, lawfully begotten, to every of his brothers, and the issue male of their respective bodies, viz. Richard, William, Thomas, Robert, Gilbert, and Philip," by letters patent, dated Oxford, 24th June, 1643.

The limits of this sketch will not permit any detail of the many signal services he rendered his king and country during this rebellion.

Having been appointed Governor to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, then at Paris, he died there, in the year 1652, whereby (as the Earl of Clarendon relates) the Duke was deprived of a very good servant. He married Cecilia, daughter of Thomas de la War, but he died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother *Richard, second Lord Byron*, knighted by Charles I. and one of the valiant Colonels at Edge-hill fight.† He was Governor

* Not. Parl. MS. per Browne Willis, Ann.

† Wood's Fasti Oxoniensis, p. 701.

of Appleby Castle,* and Lloyd † says, “ he deserves to be chronicled for his government of Newark, and many surprises of the enemy about it.” He was thrice married, but had children by his first wife only. He died October 4th, 1679, in the 74th year of his age, and was buried in Hucknall-Torkard Church, where there is a monument to his memory.

William, the third Lord Byron, was his eldest son. He had, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter to John, Lord Viscount Chadworth, in Ireland, five sons and five daughters. The mother of these children died in December, 1683, and his Lordship married, June 25, 1685, in King Henry VIIIth's Chapel, Westminster, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir John Stoneham, of Radley, Berks, but had no issue by her. Her Ladyship survived him, he dying November 13th, 1695. He was succeeded by *William, the fourth Lord Byron*, his surviving son and heir, who married to his first wife, the Lady Mary, daughter of John, Earl of Bridgewater, and sister to Scroop, Duke of Bridgewater : which lady died of the small-pox, on Sunday, April 11th, 1703, having been married but eleven weeks. His Lordship afterwards married the Lady Frances Williamina, third daughter of William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, and had by her three sons, George, William, and William Henry; her Ladyship died March 31st, 1712; and his Lordship married a third wife, Frances, second daughter of William Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, and by her had five sons and a daughter.

This fourth Earl died at Newstead Abbey, Sunday, 8th of February, 1736, and was succeeded by William, his eldest son and heir, by his third Lady.

William, the fifth Lord Byron, was early devoted to the sea service, as was also his brother John, who was the last survivor of the Wager man of war, Captain Cheap, one of Lord Anson's squadron,

* Life of the Duke of Newcastle, p. 124.

† Memoirs of the Loyalists, &c. p. 488.

shipwrecked on an uninhabited island in the South Seas ; and out of 160 who escaped, only ten lived to return to England. He was at that time midshipman, and after being a prisoner among the Indians and Spaniards, on the coast of Chili, five years, Captain Cheap, Lieutenant Hamilton of the Marines, and himself, arrived in England, almost all the rest having perished by famine, in attempting to get back to the Brazils, in their boats, through the Straits of Magellan.*

This nobleman was drawn into a quarrel with Mr. Chaworth ; and a duel was the consequence, in which he killed his adversary—some foul play was, perhaps unjustly, attempted to be fastened on his Lordship in this unfortunate affair—his Peers, however, by whom he was tried for murder, acquitted him of that charge ; but found him guilty of manslaughter. It appears that very soon after this, his Lordship went abroad, where he died.

William, the 5th Lord, just mentioned, married, March 28th, 1747, Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Charles Shaw, of Besthorpe Hall, in Norfolk ; and by her, who died July, 1788, had two sons and two daughters : but his sons dying before the year 1798, in which year his Lordship himself died, he was succeeded by his great nephew, GEORGE GORDON BYRON, grandson of his brother, Admiral Byron, and the subject of the present Memoir.

His Lordship was born January 22nd, 1788, and was educated at Harrow School, and afterwards at the University of Cambridge. His father married, first the Baroness Conyers, daughter of Lord Holderness, by whom he had no male issue, and only one daughter. He married to his second wife, Miss Gordon, of Gight, the mother of the present Lord.

For some time, the title was in a manner extinct, and his Lordship's Juvenile Poems were superscribed, "*Lord Byron, a Minor.*"

* See his Narrative, published in 1768.

The waspish Gentlemen of Edinburgh treated his Lordship's "Hours of Idleness," with all that severity they are wont to indulge towards whatever they may not happen to like ; but they had no great cause of triumph over the spirit and talents of Lord Byron ; for he failed not to treat them with the most cutting satire, in a work called "English Bards. and Scotch Reviewers."

January 2nd, 1815, his Lordship was married to Anne-Isabella, only child of Sir Ralph Noel, Bart. originally called Milbanke—and here, alas ! commences the most painful and unpleasant task of his Lordship's biographer : for scarcely had this promising pair begun to taste the solid happiness of conjugal affection, than the genius of discord found means to disturb their repose.

Twelve months had not expired, ere the mouth of scandal begun to open itself, and the whispers of malevolence to insinuate the baleful poison of misrepresentation.

On the 12th of February, in the present year (1816) the newspapers began to propagate reports of discord in the family of his Lordship, which produced two of the principal Poems in this Pamphlet, and ultimately the separation of his Lordship from his Lady.

Every body knew something ; but no one could tell what his Lordship had been guilty of to give unpardonable offence to Lady Byron : and thus, those who at first did not pretend to know any thing, invented for their own use, whatever stories best suited their respective tastes and fancies. Insinuations of the most horrible nature have been thrown out against his Lordship, but these having proved too vile and false, even for the wickedest of these propagators of calumny, and, moreover, being of a nature which the female part of the world could not even name, and the male part only enigmatically glance at, were soon abandoned ; and more plausible falsehoods substituted in their place.

His Lordship is well known to have taken an active part in the management of the affairs of Drury Lane Theatre. This has

necessarily led him to frequent intercourse with the different popular actors, male and female, attached to that establishment. Amongst them, the name of a fascinating actress has been roundly introduced. It is said that he took this lady to his own table, without having previously consulted Lady Byron—that he has been seen to ride out with her in his carriage; and, in short, that his Lordship has been in the habit of paying rather more attention to this lady, than is consistent with his duty as a married man. The friends of Lord Byron deny this charge, and assert that his connection with that Lady had nothing criminal in it, and that his conduct has been greatly and wantonly exaggerated.

That his Lordship may have been guilty of some impropriety, is very possible; for who among us have not?—but till the *precise nature and extent* of those errors, or crimes, are publicly known, it is unmanly and unjust to condemn him; for next to the crime of absolutely inventing a charge against the innocent, is that of exaggerating the offences of the guilty. If a man has committed murder, let him as a murderer be punished; but if it shall turn out that he has committed a robbery only, it is cruel, wicked, and unjust to accuse and condemn him for the greater guilt: and it ill becomes the slanderer to reprove the licentiousness of his neighbour. “*Physician heal thyself,*” is an ancient and cutting admonition; and we all know the result of the text laid down in the caution, “*Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.*”

In matters of this nature, it is always safest to err on the favourable side: for in that case, one can have no remorse of conscience—no accusations against one’s own heart or motives—but to charge a man with crimes of which he is not guilty, or to exaggerate, amplify, and enlarge upon those of which he may be partially guilty, incurs a most fearful penalty; and deserves the severest reprobation. The accused person immediately conceives he has a right to turn round upon his adversary, and in his turn reproach his accuser with a breach of the laws of justice and

equity. All reproof from such a contaminated quarter will therefore, be thrown away upon him. On the contrary, he will possibly, become hardened and confirmed in his first error ; and his unjust reprover will not only have to take upon himself the consequences of his own folly, but even to share in the aggravated guilt of those whom he has taken upon himself to reprove.

A direct, and plain charge, unaccompanied by indiscreet, and exaggerated remarks, slurs, and reproaches, will be either easily proved, or readily confuted.—It comes in a “ tangible shape,” and the matter is soon put to rest; but what are we to do with hints, rumours, whispers, inuendoes, and the like? A man had better be called a thief, than have it secretly whispered and hinted that he is a complete villain ; for a theft is a distinct overt act ; but villainy in the abstract is a term applicable to every crime entailed upon human nature by that fall which

“ Brought death into the world, with all our woe.”

To insinuate guilt is, therefore, more dangerous and wicked than to charge even unjustly ; because an unjust and direct charge may be refuted ; but a dark inuendo will infuse the most deadly poison, while no means can be applied to counteract its baleful effects.

Such, however, appears to have been the conduct of the enemies of the Noble Lord ; and certainly, if the person alluded to by his Lordship, in the Poem entitled “ A Sketch from Private Life,” has acted in the manner he directly charges her with having done—If

“ Skill’d by a touch to deepen scandal’s tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,”

She has indeed been

“ Quick with the tale and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy,”

There are no words in this, or any other language, too strong to express one's abhorrence of her conduct. To *wish* her evil, is, however, wrong and vindictive; and it is not meant, in these remarks to justify the severity of his Lordship's satire. Those, however, who are so ready to accuse Lord Byron on this account, would do well to place themselves in his Lordship's situation.—Let them imagine themselves, if they can, the victims of a foul and barbarous conspiracy against their domestic peace—let them read Lord Byron's own description of the character of his wife—let them reflect, that, according to his Lordship's statement, he has been robbed of the affections and society of such a wife, by the “nameless slanders” of this woman; and when they have done all this, let them ask themselves how they would have acted under such circumstances.

But it may be urged that probably this confidante of Lady Byron's has not been guilty of what his Lordship charges her—then let her come forward, and clear herself.—Till she has done this, whoever she may be, she must stand convicted in every honest and impartial mind; and there is one fact of the utmost importance in this case: The friends of Lady Byron have been solicited to produce their charges against his Lordship, openly and boldly, that his Lordship might have a fair opportunity to refute or confess them; and how have they answered to this? Why by an application to a *Lawyer*!! Yes a *Lawyer*, Dr. Lushington!! And what is this Lawyer to do? What has he done? What can he do? It does not appear that Lord Byron has hitherto furnished him with sufficient materials to work upon: for they have suffered their victim to leave his native country, which envy, malignity, and misrepresentation, had rendered painful to him, without taking one single legal step, beyond that of signing the deed of separation.

Alas! alas! what mischief have those busy meddling people done, who first thrust upon the public notice Lord Byron's poems

“ on his domestic circumstances !” What reparation can they make for this conduct of theirs ? To gratify the cupidity or the vanity of an ephemeral journalist, the whole world is become acquainted with the domestic misfortunes of a noble family, on all hands allowed to have been, in the mean, amiable and happy.— But for this, probably, the breach might have been repaired, and peace have been restored to the mind and family of one of the most ingenious poets, and noble minded men our country has at this day to boast of. Granting that the poems *had* been seen and read in private circles, to those circles they ought to have been confined ; and even had his Lordship been guilty of the crimes insinuated against him by his enemies, it became not the Editor of a newspaper to point out those crimes, and to publish them to all the world—for they were not crimes against the public—they were acknowledged to have been of a private and domestic nature ; and what right any man, having possession of a ready vehicle for information, had ‘to blazon those misfortunes,’ and lay them upon the tea-table of every gossiping party in the country, it is difficult to discover.—There was neither honour, delicacy, nor honesty, in the act.

But as the poems have been so first published, it was natural that persons should subsequently put them forth in some other and more respectable shape. The Publisher, therefore, of this Edition of them, has followed the example of others ; but has thought it his duty to prefix these remarks to the present Edition, that the public may know as much as can be known without the immediate assistance of the parties themselves, what it is Lord Byron has done, and on what grounds these poems have acquired so much notoriety and celebrity.

J. N

POEMS.

FARE THEE WELL!

FARE thee well! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare *thee well*—
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er can'st know again:

Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then, thou woulds't at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so—

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe—

FARE THEE WELL!

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away;

Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.—

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead:
Both shall live—but every morrow
Take us from a widowed bed.—

And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hand shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love had bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.—

All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know ;
All my hopes—wher'er thou goest—
Whither—yet with *thee* they go—

Every feeling hath been shaken.
Pride—which not a world could bow—
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken
Even my soul forsakes me now.—

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still ;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.—

Fare thee well!—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Scared in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.—

A

SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

“ Honest—Honest Iago !

“ If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.”

SHAKSPEARE.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head ;
Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Rais'd from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd.
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods ! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess !
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows :

What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.

Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow.
Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all should be like her below;
Foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme ;—now laid aside too long,
The baleful burthen of this honest song—
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers—none know why—before her quake ;
If daughters—dread her for the mother's sake :

If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
If, like a snake, she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With ail the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul and face)—

Look on her features ! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined :
Look on the picture ! deem it not o'ercharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged ;—
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now ;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create :
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !
Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.

But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

O D E.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of Hate, and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World!

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led?

Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast ;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust ?
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust !

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
From Indus, all round to the Pole,
And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul :
But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
The world cannot liken thee there ;
Abhorrence and vice have disfigur'd thy name
Beyond the low reach of compare ;
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
A proverb, a bye-word, for treach'ry and crime !

While conquest illumin'd his sword,
While yet in his prowess he stood,
Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
And welcom'd the torrent of blood ;
Tho' tyranny sat on his crown,
And whither'd the nations afar,
Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
Till Fortune deserted his car ;
Then, back from the Chieftian thou slunkest away—
The foremost to insult, the first to betray !

Forgot were the feats he had done,
The toils he had borne in thy cause;
'Thou turned'st to worship a new rising sun,
And waft other songs of applause;
But the storm was beginning to lour,
Adversity clouded his beam;
And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
And loyalty's self but a dream:
To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restor'd;
And the first that had scoff'd, where the first that
ador'd!

What tumult thus burthens the air,
What throng thus encircles his throne?
'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear
His sceptre shall rule them alone.
Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
Misfortune shall hallow his name,
And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
How quenchless the spirit and flame
That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts are on
fire,
For the Hero they love, and the chief they admire!

Their Hero has rushed to the field;
His laurels are covered with shade—
But where is the spirit that never should yield,
The loyalty never to fade!

In a moment desertion and guile
Abandon'd him up to the foe ;
The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his smile,
Forsook and renounced him in woe ;
And the millions that swore they would perish to save,
Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave !

The Savage all wild in his glen
Is nobler and better than thou ;
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow !
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever ;
I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever ;
And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul !
Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be !
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die ;
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name ;—
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of Conquest allured me too far,—
I have coped with the Nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war!
Farewell to thee, France—when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won,—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on Victory's Sun!
Farewell to thee, France—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The Violet grows in the depth of thy valleys,
Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has
bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice

Never yet was heard such thunder
 As then shall shake the world with wonder—
 Never yet was seen such lightning
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning !
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated
 Till lone tyranny commanded ?
 Till goaded by ambition's^s sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King?

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
 Vanquishers of Waterloo !
 When the soldier citizen,
 Swayed not o'er his fellow men—
 Save in deeds that led them on
 Where glory smil'd on Freedom's son—
 Who of all the despots banded,
 Then he fell—so perish all,
 Who would men by man enthrall !
 And thou too of the snow-white plume !
 Whose realm refus'd thee even a tomb ;*
 Better had'st thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
 Than sold thyself to death and shame
 For a meanly royal name ;
 Such as he of Naples wears,
 Who thy blood-bought title bears.—

* Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.

Little did'st thou deem when dashing
On thy war-horse through the ranks,
Like a stream which bursts its banks,
While helmets cleft and sabres clashing,
Shone and shivered fast around thee—
Of the fate at last which found thee!
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once it onward bore the brave,
Like foam upon the highest wave.—
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the Battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strewed beneath the advancing banner
Of the Eagle's burning crest—
(There with thunder clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest—
Victory beaming from her breast?)
While the broken line enlarging
Fell or fled along the plain;
There be sure was MURAT charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!
O'er glories gone, the invaders march,
Weeps Triumph o'er each levelled arch—
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice;
But her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored.
France hath twice too well been taught
The "moral lesson" dearly bought—

Her safety sits not on a throne,
With CAPET or NAPOLEON ;
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth
With a fierce and lavish hand,
Scattering nations' wealth like sand ;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter ?
But the heart, and the mind,
And the voice of mankind
Shall arise in communion—
And who shall resist that proud union ?
The time is past when sword subdued—
Man may die—the soul's renewed :
Even in this low world of care,
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir,
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her unconquerable spirit—
When once more her hosts assemble
Let the tyrants only tremble ;—
Smile they at this idle threat
Crimson tears will follow yet.

WATERLOO.

The French have their *Poems* and *Odes* on the famous battle of Waterloo as well as ourselves.—Nay, they seem to glory in the battle, as the source of great events to come. We have received the following poetical version of a Poem, the original of which is circulating in Paris—and which is ascribed, we know not with what justice, to the name of M. de Chateaubriand. If so, it may be inferred that, in the Poet's eye, a new change is at hand—and he wishes to prove his secret indulgence of old principles, by reference to this effusion.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

FRENCH ODE.

SAID TO BE DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY R. S*****, P. L. P. R.

MASTER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH INQN. &c. &c. &c.

We do not curse thee, Waterloo !
Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;
"There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
Rising from each gory trunk—
Like the water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion—
It soars and mingles in the air,
With that of lost LABEDOYERE.
With that of him whose honour'd grave
Contains the " bravest of the brave ;"
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose ;
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—

MADAME LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their praises
Their Madame de STAEL, and their fam'd L'EPINASSE ;
Like a meteor at best, proud Philosophy blazes,
And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass :
But cheering's the beam, and unfading the splendour
Of thy torch, Wedded Love ! and it never has yet
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
Then it sheds on the name of the fair LAVALETTE.

Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en Virtue shall bless it,
And hallow the goblet which foams to her name ;
The warm lip of beauty shall piously press it,
And HYMEN shall honour the pledge to her fame :
To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too
Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the just debt ;
And hail with applauses the Heroine and Wife too,
The constant, the noble, the fair LAVALETTE.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,
To their captive a doom, which all Europe abhors,
And turns from the Stairs of the Priest-haunted palace,
While those who replaced them there, blush for their cause.
But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory
Of Dukes, and of Marshals, in darkness hath set,
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story
Of the fond self-devotion of fair LAVALETTE.

ON THE STAR
OF
"THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

1.

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deccit!
Which millions rushed in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

2.

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze:
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high, and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a Volcano of the skies.

3.

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
As thou did'st lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

4.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours,* each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

5.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did bescem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

6.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, Oh, thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

• The Tricolour.

7.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead ;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array ;
And soon, Oh Goddess ! may we be
For evermore with them or thee !

ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

THRO' thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle,
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay ;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have chok'd up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd barons, who proudly to battle,
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast, for the war-laurell'd wreath ;
Near Askelon's towers, John of Horiston* slumbers,
Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel, by death.

* Horiston-castle, Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

Paul and Hubert too sleep, in the valley of Cressy,
For the safety of Edward and England they fell;
My fathers! the tears of your country redress you;
How you fought! how you died! still her annals can tell.

On Marston,* with Rupert,† 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye, at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he n'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own!

* The battle of Marston-moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated

† Son of the Elector Palatinate, and related to Charles I. he afterwards commanded the fleet, in the reign of Charles II.

ADIEU TO MALTA.

ADIEU the joys of La Valette ;
Adieu sirocco, sun, and sweat ;
Adieu thou palace, rarely entered ,
Adieu ye mansions, where I've ventured ;
Adieu ye cursed streets of stairs—
How surely he who mounts them swears ;
Adieu ye merchants, often failing ;
Adieu thou mob, for ever railing ;
Adieu ye packets without letters ;
Adieu ye fools, who ape your betters ;
Adieu thou damn'dest quarantine,
That gave me fever and the spleen ;
Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, sirs ;
Adieu his Excellency's dancers ;
Adieu to PETER, whom no fault's in,
But could not teach a Colonel waltzing ;
Adieu ye females, fraught with graces
Adieu red coats, and redder faces ;
Adieu the supercilious air,
Of all that strut *en militaire* ;
I go—but God knows where or why—
To smoky towns and cloudy sky ;
To things, the honest truth to say,
As bad, but in a different way :—

Farewell to these, but not adieu
Triumphant sons of truest blue,
While either Adriatic shore,
And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more,
And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,
Proclaim you war and women's winners.

Pardon my muse, who apt to prate is,
And take my rhyme because 'tis gratis :
And now I've got to Mrs. FRASER,
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her ;
And were I vain enough to think
My praise was worth this drop of ink,
A line or two were no hard matter,
As here, indeed, I need not flatter :
But she must be content to shine
In better praises than in mine :
With lively air and open heart,
And fashion's ease without its art,
Her hours can gaily glide along,
Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, Oh, Malta ! since thou'st got us,
Thou little military hot-house !
I'll not offend with words uncivil,
And wish thee rudely at the devil—
But only stare from out my casement,
And ask—for what is such a place meant ;

Then in my solitary nook,
 Return to scribbling, or a book ;
 Or take my physic, while I'm able,
 Two spoonfuls, hourly, by this label;
 Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,
 And bless my stars, I've got a fever.

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

SLOW sinks now lovely ere his race be run
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
 Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light;
 O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
 Gilds the green wave that trembles as it flows;
 On old Ægea's rock and Hydra's isle,
 The god of gladness sheds his parting smile.

Long had I mused and measured every trace
 The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
 When lo! a giant-form before me strode,
 And PALLAS hail'd me in her own abode.
 Yes—'twas MINERVA'S self—but ah! how chang'd
 Since o'er the Dardan fields in arms she rang'd!
 Not such as erst by her divine command,
 Her form appear'd from PHIDIAS' plastic hand.

Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
 Her idle ægis bore no gorgon now ;
 Her helm was deep indented, and her lance
 Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance :
 The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
 Shrunk from her hand and wither'd in her grasp.
 And ah ! though still the brightest of the sky,
 Celestial tears bedew'd her large blue eye ;
 Round her rent casque her owlet circled low,
 And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe.

* * * * *

“ Mortal ! ” (’twas thus she spoke) “ that blush of
 shame

Proclaims thee Briton—once a noble name—
 First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
 Now honour'd less by all, but least by me ;
 Chief of thy foes shall PALLAS still be found :
 Seek'st thou the cause ? oh, Mortal ! look around.
 Lo ! here, in spite of war and wasting fire,
 I saw successive tyrannies expire ;
 'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
 Thy country sends a spoils worse than both.
 Survey this vacant violated fane,
 Recount the relics torn that yet remain ;—
 These CECROPS placed—this PERIFLES adorn'd—
 That HADRIAN rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd ;
 What more I owe let gratitude attest,
 Know, ALARIC and * * * * * did the rest.—

That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,
 Th' insulted wall sustains his hated name*.
 For * * * * *'s fame thus grateful PALLAS pleads ;
 Below, his name ; above, behold his deeds.
 Be ever hail'd with equal honour here,
 The Gothie monarch, and the British * * * * *.
 Arms gave the first his right, the last had none
 But basely stole what less Barbarians won :
 So, when the lion quits the fell repast,
 Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last ;
 Flesh, limbs, and blood, the former make their own,
 The last base brute securely gnaws the bone.
 Yet still the Gods are just, and crimes are crost :
 See here, what * * * * * won, and what he lost.
 Another name with his pollutes my shrine ;
 Behold, where DIAN's beams disdain to shine :
 Some retribution still might PALLAS claim,
 When VENUS half-aveng'd MINERVA's shame*

* It is related by a late oriental traveller that when the wholesale spoliator visited Athens, he caused his own name, with that of his wife, to be inscribed on a pillar of one of the principal temples ; this inscription was executed in a very conspicuous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at a very considerable elevation. Notwithstanding which precautions, some person (doubtless inspired by the patron goddess) has been at the pains to get himself raised up to the requisite height, and has obliterated the name of the *laird*, but left that of the lady untouched. The traveller in question accompanied this story by a remark, that it must have cost some labour and contrivance to get at the place, and could only have been effected by much zeal and determination.

* The Portrait of Sir WM. D'AVENANT illustrates this line.

She ceas'd awhile, and thus I dared reply,
 'To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye :—
 Daughter of JOVE! in Britain's injur'd name,
 A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
 Frown not on England—England owns him not:
 Athena? no—the plunderer was a Scot*.
 Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyle's towers
 Survey Bœotia:—Caledonia's powers—

* * * * *

And well I know within that murky land

* * * * *

Dispatch her reckoning children far and wide:
 Some east, some west, some—every where but north.

* * * * *

And thus accursed be the day and year
 She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
 Yet Caladonia claims some native worth,
 And dull Bœotia gave a PINDAR birth.
 So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
 Bound to no clime, and victors o'er the grave,
 Shake off the mossy slime of such a land,
 And shine like children of a happier strand.

† The plaster wall on the west side of the Temple of MINERVA-POLIAS bears the following inscription, cut in very deep characters:

“ *Quod non fecerunt Goti*

“ *Hoc fecerunt Scoti.*”—

(HOBHOUSE'S *Travels in Greece*, &c. p. 345.)

Mortal ! (the blue-eyed maid resum'd once more)
 Bear back my mandate to thy native shore ;
 Though fallen, alas ! this vengeance yet is mine,
 To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
 Hear, then, in silence, Pallas' stern behest,
 Hear and believe, for time will tell the rest :
 First on the head of him who did the deed
 My curse shall light, on him and all his seed :
 Without one spark of intellectual fire,
 Be all his sons as senseless as their sire :
 If one with wit the parent breed disgrace,
 Believe him bastard of a better race ;
 Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
 And folly's praise repay for wisdom's hate*.
 Long of their patron's *gusto* let them tell,
 Whose noblest native *gusto*—is to sell :
 To sell, and make (may shame record the day)
 The State receiver of his pilfer'd prey !

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
 Some calm spectator, as he takes his view†

* Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.—(BOILEAU, LA ROCHEFOUCAULT, &c.)

† “ Nor will this conduct [the sacrilegious plunder of ancient edifices] appear wonderful in men, either by birth, or by habits and groveling passions, barbarians,

In silent admiration, mix'd with grief
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.

(i. e. Goths) when in our own times, and almost before our own eyes, persons of rank and education have not hesitated to disfigure the most ancient and the most venerable monuments of Grecian architecture ; to tear the works of Phidias and Praxiteles from their original position, and demolish fabrics, which time, war, and barbarism, had respected during twenty centuries. The French, whose rapacity the voice of Europe has so loudly and so justly censured, did not incur the guilt of dismantling ancient edifices : they spared the walls, and contented themselves with statues and paintings, and even these they have collected and arranged in halls and galleries, for the inspection of travellers of all nations ; while, if report does not deceive us, our plunderers have ransacked the temples of Greece to sell their booty to the highest bidder, or, at best, to piece the walls of some obscure old mansion with fragments of Parian marble, and of attic sculpture." (*Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy*, p. 158). * * * * * "But alas ? all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the artist, the historian, the antiquary ; all depend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign, and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected (at Rome) for an upstart family ? the Coliseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiques ? the temples of THESEUS or MINERVA must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles be torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepid uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew, is natural ; and that an oriental despot should undervalue the masterpieces of Grecian art, is to be expected ; though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are much to be lamented : but that the minister of a nation, famed for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter and the instrument of these destructions is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations ; it deprives the past, of the trophies of their genius and the title-deeds

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

Loathed in life, scarce pardon'd in the dust,
 May hate pursue his sacriligious lust;
 Link'd with the fool who fired th' Ephesian dome,
 Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb.
 EROSTRATUS and * * * * * e'er shall shine
 In many a branding page and burning line.
 Alike condemn'd, for aye to stand accursed,
 Perchance the second viler than the first:
 So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
 Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!

of their fame; the present, of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future, of the master-pieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation." (Ibid. p. 269.) * * * * * "This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from Italy to England may, perhaps, do honour to the late Lord BRISTOL's patriotism, or to his magnificence; but it can not be considered as an indication of either taste or judgment." (Ibid. p. 419.)

FINIS.

*Davies, Michael, & Hudson, Stereotype Founders
 and Printers, Poppin's Court, Fleet Street.*